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## Frederic Chopin.

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(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOCUM.)

(Continued from Page 98.)

Chopin is said to have been indifferently fond of Schubert and Beethoven. The incalculable and titanic in them repelled him. Even of Schubert he once said that "the sublime in him was annihilated when what was vulgar or trivial followed." And, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, Liszt relates that he found passages in it that were painful to him. He was, says Liszt, so profoundly and singularly imbued with those feelings whose most attractive models he believed himself to have beheld during his youth—those feelings which alone he cared to confide to art; he regarded art itself so invariably from one and the same standpoint, that his preferences as artist could not help being affected thereby. In the great models of art he looked only for what corresponded to his own nature. What approached that pleased him. What departed from it did not easily obtain justice at his hands. In spite of the unconquerable aversion he felt for all that was violent in Beethoven, he himself was not free from violence. It was his innate anxiety in the presence of his own which rendered him so uncompromising towards the strange demon. In the range of piano literature scarcely any one has opened up a greater and broader pathway for freedom and license than he. From Shakespeare and Beethoven he learnt the dashing power of the episode. How often, in his greater works, e. g., his first *Scherzo*, after the most dire catastrophe we behold "the sweet sleep of moonlight on the hills," as in the lyric epilogue to the "Merchant of Venice." And so, in the fourth *Prelude*, we find him seeking after all possible harmonic developments for a melodic phrase of two notes. Most indefatigably of all, his fancy revels in the discovery of middle voices and harmonic variations. In the *Berceuse* he composes a whole piece over the simplest chord accompaniment—a series of variations developed from a harmonic organ point. In the second *Impromptu*, instead of the harmonic, he has selected a melodic organ point. He writes successive fifths where they please him. In the eighth *Etude* (Op. 25) he brings us a whole bevy of them; but they lie in the middle voices and produce a charming effect.

If, in the *Scherzo*, Chopin had models more and more like his own, the "Ballad" belongs to him and to him only. Of these, too, he wrote four. Each is fundamentally different from the rest; and yet one trait is common to them all, their weirdness of conception and nobleness of motive. Chopin talks to us in them, but not as one who relates something that has really happened. Rather is it that which has never happened—which is experienced only as a feeling or yearning in the inmost soul. There

is, it may be, much of a nation's sorrow in them, much of anguish—smothered without, but smouldering within—for the wounds heaped upon the fatherland; but of downright reality—such a reality as, in Beethoven, often thrusts words into our mouths—they have none.

The most touching thing, perhaps, that Chopin has written, is the story told us in the F-Major Ballad. No old legend could be more simple and yet, in its simplicity, more impressive. I have known children to stop their play and listen to it. It is a fairy tale transformed into music. In its four-voiced motive, too, there reigns such purity, it is as though the moist air of spring was swaying the mobile leaves of some tropic palm. What gentle breathings these are stealing into the heart and soul!

The coquetry of beauty—that half unconscious sporting with the power that bewitches and fires by following every concession with retraction, was Chopin's peculiar province. It is marvellous with how seemingly insignificant a movement—but a movement full of an irresistible charm—he was able to delineate this sportiveness of love. Every one will recall to mind that memorable passage in the A-flat Major Ballad, where, after long resonance of the chord in A-flat Major, the right hand alone begins a movement in eighths varied with pauses. Or take the ornament in triplets with which he adorns the F-Major Nocturne (op. 15)—as with the wings of butterflies. Nowhere, perhaps, can the value of ornamentation be better learned than from him. Ornament in art is very much as flowers are in nature, or as finery in the life of women. All adornment, if it be rightly chosen, has this peculiar quality, that it reflects its own beauty upon the wearer—just as, in reality, it gets its own life-like appearance only through him. By its very nature it can beautify only what is beautiful. Homely women are rendered still homelier by it, because contrast demands what to them is an unfavorable comparison. Beauty, however, acquires through it something of loveliness and dignity and elegance. If we look at the "Airs"—so full of ornament—of Handel and other masters of his time, it is difficult to conceive how such lack of taste could ever constitute an epoch. An ornament on every note—it is as though we saw a hand with rings on every finger. How touchingly simple and severe, on the other hand, are the three Vienna masters, especially Beethoven. With an *Adagio* of his one might connect the figure Jean Paul uses somewhere of the sun: "It bathes naked in the blue." Mozart, too, where he did not make concessions to the prima donna, could dispense wholly with ornament. Music like Chopin's, however, on account of its prevailing elegance, cannot do without it. But he did not buy it of the jeweller, but made it with his own delicate hand. A device of his

is that of surrounding a note, so to speak, with diamond facets, or of bathing the surging flood of his passion with the silver of moonlight. In the Nocturnes there is the shining of melancholy and distant stars. The Chopin Nocturne is dramatized ornament. In the much admired one in F sharp (Op. 15), the principal theme appears at the outset so ornamented that we cannot resist the notion of the fancy confining itself to the arabesque as a means of poetic expression. Even the impassioned middle portion, with its passages in fives, borders on what might be termed the tragic figured ornament in Chopin. The original thought is here covered over with a thick veil; but even the veil can serve as ornament.

The Polonaises and Mazurkas impress us as having been written in the old national costume, and as though we heard the clashing of swords and silver spurs.

The Polonaise was not then the pretty promenade into which it has degenerated since. It was a quiet but characteristic dance in which majesty extended its hand to beauty. In that rarely played but most beautiful of the Chopin Polonaises—the one in F sharp Minor—both dance forms are united. The Mazurka forms a part of it. If ever it has been granted to musical art to elevate a historic picture into a movement of beauty, the feat has been accomplished here.

An artist's fame requires it, and so Chopin had to satisfy our final claims upon him as a pianist, and compose the indispensable Concerto. He has written two of these and acquitted himself as well as could be expected. It was not in the nature of his mind to express itself in wide forms. He was too weak for that seven-league-boot pace which a score demanded. In the same way the Trio and 'Cello Sonata were problems not meant for him to solve. He was greatest where he could create freely from within outwards, without formal restraint. In this way originated his Impromptus, Rondos, Fantasias, Tarantelle and incomparable Burcarolle—works, in a peculiar sense, his own. His two Sonatas should be named here, especially the second, in B minor, the first three movements of which are among the best things he has written. The Funeral March of the Bb Minor Sonata owes its great fame to the wondrous harmonic animation of two triads that, in this connection, have something highly tragic in them. The middle movement, unfortunately, falls completely from out this category. After so much of darkly hung mourning weeds one ought not so soon to display white linen.

Chopin had no ability as a contrapuntist. His freely creative genius prevented this. How gifted he was, however, in a field lying so remote from him we see, sometimes, in canon passages, those, for example, of his C sharp Minor Mazurka (Op. 63). No one, though he were gray in the learned art, could have

written this octave canon more perfectly. In harmony Chopin has often gone beyond the happy medium of what is beautifully conceived. What amateur, for example, can think the middle voices at the conclusion of the Barcarolle (measures 8, 9 and 10 from the end)—pure? Such obscurities, betraying a slight leaning towards the strained, are not at all rare with him. Much is due, doubtless, to false readings; but there remains enough that is strange to cause a very righteous shaking of the head. In rendering such harsh passages we may tone them down by a judicious use of the *rubato* and thus help ourselves over many a doubtful place. Only, as innermost law of the *rubato*, it must be remembered that all loss and gain of time must be dexterously concealed. Everywhere in Chopin, where the *accelerando* does not in time show itself in the *ritardando* again, in the listener the feeling arises of something wrong. That slight ebb and flow of execution independent of rhythm, which loosens but does not destroy the mathematical stiffness of the whole, has always constituted the triumph and danger of virtuosos. If any one wish to form a notion of this musical law of wave movement, let him hear Joachim play Bach.

We delight in imagining the personal appearance of a man with whom we have occupied ourselves from early youth up. In Florence at Madame Rubio's, a pupil of Chopin's, I saw a portrait taken in his maturer years and said to be a striking likeness. It differs markedly from the well-known pictures of him, but to me, is the most likely one of all. Judging by it, Chopin was not good-looking. He had a very marked nose and plain eyes. We see that these must have been very expressive, from this hasty sketch, which gives you the impression that it is a genuine picture from life. Brow and hands are very distinguished, the pose pleasantly careless, the fine mouth—in all his pictures the same—mildly closed as though it hid some sweet melody. Descriptions given by contemporaries, like Liszt and Hiller, of him and his playing agree thoroughly with this picture. A correspondence is spoken of as about to appear shortly. It is not probable when we consider the extreme reserve he is said to have manifested in his writings—he preferred running over half of Paris to avoid writing a letter—that such a work will contain much of importance, unless it be letters to Madame Sand or his family, with whom he maintained a lasting intimacy. We can determine what Chopin was without such documents. There has scarcely ever been a more individual, characteristic art than his. In all his works, to use an expression of Jean Paul's, we detect the fresh odor of the soil in which they germinated and grew. We see as well the sunbeam which falls into his study and wraps its warm light about his pen, as *feel* the warm mist that like dew ascends from the grave and oppresses his breast. We behold him in the full swing of happiest youth and in the early autumn that was so soon to tear him from us. Life wearied him. Delicate and frail, his feeble limbs ran themselves sore and bleeding against the granite of earth. The dread reality of existence filled him with terror. His inner life lacked the robust and healthful energy needed to wrest from existence what it never willingly yields.

How long will the Chopin music last? It seems, along with what is older in music, to constitute a special class of its own. It resembles the women of the south, whose beauty soon fades. Where now is the Mozart sonata? Are not the first shadows of evening even now beginning to creep about those of Weber—and he yet so near to us? Only where musical art has produced the best, as with the old Italians, with Bach, in the symphonies and quartets of Beethoven, does the march of centuries leave no trace behind. Can Chopin be placed by the side of such? Certainly not. But his music is so forcible an expression of a thoroughly original nature, it has extended so enduringly the domain of feeling and expression of the most widely spread of all instruments, that no just estimate can be formed as to the limit of its vitality. I regard the Etudes especially as an element of piano literature that can hardly become obsolete. After the lapse of a century these studies, if not with the same right as the Well-Tempered Clavichord, of equal necessity, will be found on all pianos.

#### Musical Form.

The following notes are extracts from Mr. M'Naught's seven lectures on Musical Form delivered at the Summer term of the Tonic Sol-fa College, (London):—

The expression Musical Form covers a multitude of facts in the composition of music. It deals with the minutest details of little tune and with the welding together of all the portions of an elaborate piece of music. Just as in architecture there may be exquisite form in details, but no unity in the whole design, so in a piece of music, the themes, the rhythm, the ingenuity of idea may strike us, but never are we so deeply impressed as when as well as rarely we find a noble unity. The perception of musical form is a constant demand on the memory of details and sections, for all musical form is made up of *imitation* and *repetition*. In everyday life our minds are constantly observing, comparing, and storing; consequently, musical form, with its ceaseless reference to the foregone, is born of the habits and necessities of our minds. An examination of popular tunes will enable the most cursory observer to perceive how much of this musical form, this imitation and repetition, there is in music which obtains favor with the commonest musical instincts. The broad elements of all music are tune, time, and accent or emphasis. Any of these elements in a piece of music affords scope for imitation and repetition. Take a common metre psalm tune or the similar ballad metre in which so many of our nursery rhymes and narrative poems are written. See how the third and fourth lines exactly reproduce the first and second. Here is musical (rhythmic) form in this repetition, in this reference to what has already been announced; what is called balance (repetition) of rhythm, in its simplest and most easily apprehended shape. Our demand for form would be satisfactorily met by this rhythmic imitation alone, without any imitation or repetition of the intervals of the tune. But most tunes show tune, or tonal form, as well as rhythmic. Many of our street tunes, so readily caught up by even the roughest of the lower classes, owe their wide, if short-lived, popularity to a happy construction of form, fully cognizant of the lively satisfaction the mind experiences at rhythmic and tonal repetition. The striking success of many of these songs often induces one to wish that writers gifted with such unerring skill in hitting the likes and capacities of the common people, would turn to and write tunes for our school children. Too much of our school mu-

sic is cold and depressingly destitute of real interest. Why should it not be worth while for the best composers to strive to supply scores of thousands of willing little throats with lively and pretty tunes? . . . These little familiar tunes, little musical forms, contain imitations and relations we all easily perceive and enjoy without the slightest conscious thought, effort, or calculation. We are as satisfied with these examples of form without mechanically analyzing them, as we are that two and two are four. But to perceive the complex relations of more elaborate musical form, is, as it were, to calculate a far more difficult arithmetical problem. So, he who would worship at the shrine of musical form, must be blessed with at least a good musical memory—one retentive enough to be conscious of reminders. Tunes, whose compact form the most uncultivated ear will not allow to be disturbed, are as it were pointed conversations, easily followed and understood; but a large form is a noble poem, a great oration, a splendid monument, the beautiful details of which may absorb the whole attention of some observers, but the unity of which can be present only to the trained and experienced mind.

Musical form should be studied historically. It is then found that the earliest forms are distinguished by one broad characteristic from the later forms. The former are made up of various ways of adding melody to melody, the resultant harmony being tolerated so long as it is not absolutely bad; the latter, while not ignoring melody, make harmony and the relation of keys an all-important study. One of the earliest attempts to give continuity and form to music was the addition of melodies, or accompaniments called counterpoint, to the plain song or slow melodies of the church service. This accomplishment was so extensively cultivated that elaborate and, to us in these times, arbitrary rules for its use were contrived. . . . Counterpoint, being full of little imitations, soon led to the composition of music in which the chief feature was the tonal and rhythmic imitation of little tunes or themes; and then in its turn imitation led to that ordered imitation called canon. In canon a melody is caught up by a second part before its completion by the first. The undoubted pleasure which any musical mind has in listening to this device—one in some shape or other recognized by all musical forms, great or small—gave a great impetus to the invention of various kinds of canon, and pedants were induced to concentrate splendid ingenuity in the construction of canons of such absurd complexity that no one could possibly derive any pleasure from listening to them. Such canons, viewed simply as exercises, are doubtless of value to the student, but viewed as music they are dead and valueless. After canon came that highly organized imitation called fugue. Here we have the most persistent and systematic repetition. The memory is now called upon to retain and compare more, and the mind finds full occupation. . . . Fugue is the apotheosis of counterpoint, imitation, and canon. It absorbs all of these and is the highest and greatest form—way of ordering and repeating ideas—the so-called old or contrapuntal school developed. Like its predecessors, fugue for the most part is a piling up of melodies, harmony being a secondary consideration. Just as a student of modern harmony very properly in his exercises strives to secure good chords and progressions, and, without seeking to make his parts real tunes, is satisfied to write nothing offensively unmelodic, so with a fugue-writer the plan is reversed and the imitation of subjects and fragments is the first aim, and any harmony is admitted provided it is not absolutely incorrect. So when you hear a fugue you must follow it with your melodious ears—you must trace beautiful curves and lines, not patches of color. As when we cast stone after stone in smooth water, one wave of vibration passes over another and each pursues a perfectly independent course, so is it with a fine fugue, its melodies pass over and

under and through one another without disturbance or opposition.

If a title always identified a certain musical form, even only as generally as the terms canon and fugue do, the number of specific musical forms would certainly be legion. But it is altogether otherwise, for pieces are named rather to give some notion of the voice, instrument, or combination of either or both for which the music is written, or of the style, the rate of movement, or the acquaintance of a composer with a few words of several foreign languages.

Nearly all the dance forms, marches, and the greater number of instrumental movements differ more or less only in the small details of their construction. But broadly they are distinguished by one common characteristic, viz., the repetition of whole sections. There is a tune or subject in a given key, then another subject sometimes absurdly called a *trio* (notwithstanding the number of parts), then the first subject occurs again in the key in which it first appeared. This plan is called the *rondo form*. As we have seen, it is very much used even in its primary form, but sometimes it has a more extended plan, by the introduction of other secondary subjects in other keys, but it is distinguished always by the recurrence of the first subject or theme in the principal key of the piece. It is easy to see that, as in other forms, the chief feature is the repetition of details, in the *rondo form* it is the repetition of complete sections.

The grandest modern musical form is an advance on the *rondo* and one in which, as in fugue, the greatest musical geniuses have delivered many of their finest thoughts. This is called the *sonata form*. But its use is not confined to sonatas, that is pieces in several movements for one or two instruments, but is freely applied to the symphony, quartet, etc., etc. Nor does the word mean a complete sonata, but the manner in which musical ideas are usually worked in the first movement. So usual is it for this plan to be adopted for the initial movement of a symphony, quartet, or overture, that it is often called a *first movement*, even though it is used for the last movement.

The speciality of the *sonata form* is the reservation of a place for the working, or treatment, or development of the foregoing subjects, or fragments thereof, and the recurrence of the important second subject, first announced in a related key only, in the principal key of the movement. Except by close acquaintance with several examples of this form—this way of representing ideas,—and by frequently listening to examples, its eminently satisfactory nature can never be understood and appreciated.

So we see that repetition and imitation are elements of the earliest and latest forms. From a canon to a Wagnerian opera, from a psalm tune to an oratorio, you find this continued repetition of ideas.

Let a piece of music contain no second allusion to rhythm, subject, length of phrase, figure of melody, or to any musical detail to be found elsewhere in its course, and it must be described as of no form, and it must appeal to our senses on the higher ground of its appropriateness in assisting some poetical or dramatic expression, or situation, or through its strong contrasts, its novel and surprising harmony or rhythm, masterly orchestration or deep coloring.

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#### Concerning Certain Defects and Inaccuracies in English Musical Terminology.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A formal treatise on this topic would take too much time, and be too tedious to the reader. I content myself, therefore, by calling attention to a few of the inaccuracies perpetrated daily by a majority of music teachers who convey instruction through the medium of the English language. Perhaps the

champion inaccuracy, (which is not slang, although it looks like it) is that from the opening paragraph of the most popular musical text-book ever composed; it is:

"Notes are the written and printed signs of tones or sounds." (So far, good. But see what follows!) "Of these only seven are used, and the first seven letters of the alphabet are applied to them, viz.: A, B, C, D, E, F, G."

This case is so very glaring that I suppose it is entirely unnecessary to point out the improper convention of the term "note," in which the point of the fallacy lies.

A common source of error arises from not discriminating between the phenomenon to be defined, and the sign of it. This error lies at the base of the obscurity of current teaching in regard to intervals. All the text books by musicians belonging to the learned class, (under which term I include those regularly educated to music in the general sense) agree in defining intervals by the manner of their representation. For example, Mr. Cornell in his "Primer of Modern Tonality" says,

"Every progression from one tone to another, involving a change of name and of staff degree, forms what is called an Interval." Here what is meant is that "every progression from one tone to another of different pitch" forms an Interval. In other words, Interval is "difference of pitch." Saroni in the Introduction to his translation of the first volume of Marx's "Musical Composition" defines interval as "change of pitch." Dr. Lowell Mason promulgated many years ago the definition "difference of pitch." Mr. H. R. Palmer in his "Theory of Music" (which is an enlargement and new version of Dr. Crotch's "Catechism") gives the correct doctrine in his No. 185. But in the very next number, in answer to the question "What is a Prime?", he says: "Prime is the name given to two tones (sic) which involve but one degree in the representation," showing that in his mind the denomination of an interval is determined by its representation, and not vice versa, as the truth would be. And in some other text-book on which I cannot at this moment lay my hand, I have this very day read a statement that interval is the difference in pitch between tones, depending on the manner of their representation.

Mr. Bowman in his Manual of Weitzmann's theory says that "the designation of an interval is determined by the number of staff-degrees embraced." This is almost the same thing as saying that "the names of animals are determined by the letters used to write them"—which is true in one sense. This fallacy is universal in text-books on Harmony. The truth is that intervals are named according to the number of degrees of the scale they comprise. In this manner all the diatonic intervals may be readily recognized by the ear when heard disconnectedly. There remain certain sounds which on tempered instruments are ambiguous. For instance, the augmented fourth and diminished fifth. The absurdity of determining these by the mode of their representation is just as great as it would be in the similar cases of words spelled differently but pronounced alike. For instance, if in a sentence we hear a word pronounced (according to Websters' signs) *al*, I can tell by the connection in which it stands, whether the victim took it in a tumbler or in bed. From its use I know whether to write it "ale" or "all." This is precisely a similar case. The word itself when spoken tells nothing. Its use does; and this determines our method of writing it.

Some of the elementary statements we are called on to believe are directly false. For instance Cornell in his first chapter ("Primer, etc., as above) defines a tone to be a sound, and then says that out of an almost infinite number of possible tones

"twelve have been adopted as an ample material for the purposes of musical art," and that "these twelve tones are repeated over and over again in a higher and lower pitch." The fallacy here lies in making "equivalent" the same as "identical." The principle which underlies the whole of inversion in harmony is the "harmonic equivalence of octaves." This equivalence needs to be pointed out as soon as octaves are referred to. Strictly speaking, not one can be repeated but at the same pitch, pitch being the one distinguishing property of musical sound. Then, too, in regard to the notation great inexactness prevails (if I may combine positives and negatives in so Irish a way). Take, for instance, the tie. The books commonly define it as "a curved line drawn over or under two notes on the same degree of the staff." Hence this is a tie:



While this is not:



I would propose the following as a water proof definition: Tie, a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first. On suggesting this to one of those faithful ones in music who "confine themselves to the Dative-case," he objected that notes had no pitch. I admit that strictly they have not. But I see no impropriety in the following convenient brevities:

Notes of different pitch.



Notes of the same pitch.



This brings me to speak a word about notes themselves. What is a note? This conundrum is so far a poser that several elementary theorists dodge it. For instance, Palmer introduces notes by the question: "How are tones represented as regards length or duration?"—, which is so put as to lead to the introduction of notes without a definition. Dr. Mason in his "Music Teacher" effects the same flank-movement. Indeed in spite of the fineness with which Dr. Mason and his successors have drawn it on this topic, I am compelled to regard them in error. For they, as well as Mason and Hoadley, regard "whole," "half," "quarter," etc., as the names of tone-lengths, which most certainly they are not. Dr. Mason's language was (in a chapter on Rhythms): "Tones in this department are named by terms indicative of their relation in length or duration, as WHOLE, HALF, QUARTER, etc." Mason and Hoadley follow this doctrine. Nevertheless it needs so little study to see its fallacy that I am surprised to find so acute an intellect as that of the old Doctor led away in this direction. For we have only to consider two points to see where the error lies. In the first place I point out the well-known fact that relative length of tones is computed by the rhythmic pulsations or beats, and in no other way; and that therefore a "whole" would be a whole beat, and so on; and that, secondly, it is purely a matter of fancy with the composer whether he shall represent a given passage in any one of two or three different ways: e.g.,



In this case, the tone-lengths that were halves in the first instance become quarters in the second, while by the supposition their relative and absolute length remain precisely the same; which is absurd. Therefore it follows that the terms "whole," "half," etc., do not appertain to relative tone-lengths, but only to the notes or signs by means of which relative tone-lengths are represented.

Some years ago Mr. J. Wm. Saffern proposed this definition of notes, which seems to me sound: "Note, a character signifying a musical utterance." The relative durations of musical utterances are signified by the forms of the notes; the pitch of them by their place on the staff; the power of them by their place in the measure, and by means of dynamic signs such as *f*, *p*, *sf*, etc.

Then, too, consider the staff. Dr. Geo. F. Root says (very properly) that it has eleven degrees. All the text-books, except his own, say nine degrees. Palmer dodges this issue by saying that the staff consists of five lines and the spaces thereunto belonging. But in his example he gives the staff in this form:

Degrees.	
5th line	4th space
4th line	3rd space
3rd line	2nd space
2nd line	1st space
1st line	

Whereas the following is the truth on this subject, as anybody may know who depends on his own reason:

Space above.	Degrees.
5th line	4th space
4th line	3rd space
3rd line	2nd space
2nd line	1st space
1st line	

Space below. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

That is to say, the staff affords these eleven places for representing pitch, *before any additions are made*. Q, E, D. If fourteen books unite in telling me that twice three is five, I can only regret that fourteen authors should have been so stupid. No amount of assertion can establish a lie. Improvement of the received phraseology in such a case as this ought not to be a matter of difficulty.

There are cases, however, in which I am not so clear about the value of simplifications. For instance, Bowman in his Weitzmann's Theory dispenses with the term "perfect" in classing intervals, calling the perfect fifth a major fifth and the perfect fourth a minor fourth. In this he agrees (I believe) with G. Weber, who long ago proposed the same change. Nevertheless I do not think the change a good one, for these reasons: In the first place I have not found difficulty in teaching the received terms, although this difficulty is made a principal reason for the change. In the second place let it be observed that there is a reason for retaining the term perfect. The perfect unison, octave, fifth, and fourth, are respectively the only consonances of those denominations. All other primes, octaves, fifths and fourths are dissonant. With the other intervals the case is different; both major and minor thirds and sixths are consonant, and the seconds and sevenths are dissonant. Hence I prefer the retention of the term perfect. As far as convenience goes, I think, in the long run the use of the term "perfect" presents advantages. For instance, in teaching the compass of intervals I am accustomed to set up those between the tonic and various other degrees of the major scale as patterns, all being either major or perfect. When the perfect fifth is called major, and the perfect fourth minor, this symmetry is destroyed, and the compass of the intervals must be determined in some other way.

Mr. Cornell introduces a new term which seems to me fortunate. It is "symphone" as equivalent to the German "Zusammenklang,"—"together-

sound." So a triad is a "symphone of three tones." After all, plausible as this term is, it is very little gain; for all symphones of three or more tones are "chords," and those of two tones are either "consonances" or "dissonances." It may, perhaps, afford an advantage in defining consonance and dissonance; the former being "a symphone which is self-sufficient, the latter one that is essentially *transitory*," etc. But why not this: Consonance, the harmonious relation of tones; Dissonance, the inharmonious relation of tones. Leaving the nature of these relations to be afterwards defined. In treating the triad Mr. Cornell falls into the error of defining a phenomenon by its representation, saying: "The triad is a symphone of three tones, so noted that the uppermost tone is a fifth of some kind," etc. Is Mr. Cornell so unfortunate as to be unable to determine triads by his ear? Does he regard that condition of privation as a normal one in a musical ear?

Triads are simply chords of three unequal tones. The triad is composed of any tone with its third and fifth.

Mr. Bowman says: "The scientific (sic) union of two or more sounds is termed harmony. One such combination is called a chord." I do not think I understand the first of these two sentences. I trust it conveys a truth when properly understood. Palmer defines chord to be "a combination of two or more tones, performed simultaneously, so arranged as to produce an agreeable effect." The italics are mine, and point out an impertinent part of the definition. According to that definition a biting dissonance is not a chord until it has been resolved. In like manner a noun is not a noun until it is put into syntactical relation; and a man is not a man until he is married.

One of the most unsatisfactory bits of theory that has come under my observation lately is Mr. Bowman's information on the subject of measure. He says: "In order to render musical compositions intelligible, as well as to facilitate their reading and performance, it has been found necessary to divide them into short sections of equal duration called measures." This statement represents measure as an afterthought, whereas measure is fundamental to the very existence of music. The first music ever composed or improvised consisted of little else but rhythm. Dance forms are the oldest folks-songs. The ecclesiastical production of music without measure resulted, I have no doubt, from the well-known disposition of congregations to drag. So the expedient was hit upon of holding each note as long as an average breath. Hence ecclesiastical music lacks rhythm. To speak of measure in such a way as is done there, is like saying that it has been found expedient to divide the year into months, weeks, and days, not observing that day and night are, for our world and latitude, fundamental divisions of time. The division of days into hours was merely a matter of expediency. But music has rhythm and measure as soon as it becomes music. Measure is the beginning of rhythm; and rhythm is the beginning of music. Still, when I am asked "What is measure?" I am free to confess I cannot answer. One thing I am confident of, and that is that a measure is not "a portion of time." I think a measure is a group of pulsations. Measure in music is the analogue of foot in poetry. Now nobody thinks a prosodic foot is "a portion of time." If measure were a portion of time, then would the two following pieces be in different measure, it seems to me:

But enough for the present!

### Musical "Professors."

To the Editor of the London "Musical World."

Sta.—All is vanity, says the preacher. So it is, and the assertion holds equally good if we assign to the word: Vanity, a meaning different to that originally intended, and use it to imply a quality supposed to be an especial characteristic of the peacock. Even if not prepared to admit that the assertion is unexceptionally true, with the word taken in the above sense, we must conscientiously do so in the majority of sublunary matters. Men's actions have mostly a spice of vanity in them, as surely as a disagreeable number of the articles in a German *Conditorei* proclaim the presence of vanilla. Vanity, like Provens, assumes all kinds of forms. It is vanity which causes a New Zealander to undergo with cheerful resignation the scarring process of tattooing; it is vanity which induces weak minded beings among ourselves to rival the endurance of their tattooed brother, by submitting to the torture of pinching up their feet so that the latter may appear a trifle less than they really are, and undergoing agony almost equal to that occasioned by the famous boot so celebrated in connection with the visit to Edinburgh of that amiable and enlightened prince, James, Duke of York, afterwards King of England; vanity induces an African potentate to dispose of his blood relations for a few glass beads; vanity has pulled and tugged away at the staylace with which many a fair but foolish girl has committed suicide as certainly, and less agreeably, because not so speedily, as if she had tied it round her neck and then suspended herself from some convenient nail or bedpost.

One form assumed by vanity is a love of titles. This has been unjustly designated a peculiarly English phase of the disease; but it is equally rampant with other nations. This hankering for "a handle to one's name," far, indeed, from being exclusively English, as some foreign critics have asserted, may be found flourishing vigorously beyond seas, and nowhere more so than among our American cousins, where, unless travellers tell unconscionable falsehoods, as well as see strange things, it is not impossible that the gentleman who hands his thirsty customer a gin-sling, a mint-julep, or a sherry-cobbler, may be dubbed a major, a colonel, or even a general.

This train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of some remarks in an American contemporary on the subject of the title of "Professor," which always has been and still is used pretty freely by music-teachers throughout the States, and which, according to the testimony of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, is equally popular among the teachers in the public schools. The writer in the journal mentioned thinks, and, in so thinking, cannot be accused of gross misrepresentation, that teaching is not yet a learned profession, since nine-tenths of all teachers do not intend to make teaching a life-work, and that to give the title of Professor to persons of this class is to "belittle" those who have really a right to it. We are informed that the writer has visited teachers' institutes where he has been often amused, but still oftener disgusted, at the manner in which young college graduates, who had scarcely peeped into a schoolroom, were addressed as "Professors." These sucking exponents of education, we are told, drank in the distinction as a sponge would drink in water. Like the sponge, too, they expanded under the operation. On the other hand, our American colleague is perfectly shocked at observing the servility with which older teachers bestow the title on such young calves, because the latter can show a college diploma, which, perchance, they "scarcely deserve."

Commenting on the above, a writer in *Brainerd's Musical World* says he has always been of opinion that there is no more honorable title to be worn by men than that of "Teacher." His view of the case is that, if the name of "Music Teacher" is not as honorable as Professor, it is simply the fault of the teacher. He is convinced that the public will scarcely be ready to respect the title of Music-Teacher, when music-teachers themselves are ashamed of it. There are many, we learn, who are a disgrace to the profession, and they are always the most eager for the title of Professor. It is true that teachers cannot be responsible for the titles which the public seem willing to confer on them; but conscientious men should sternly refuse to accept so questionable a boon. The writer winds up as follows: "Germany confers this title upon men who have distinguished themselves as teachers, or who have written works upon the subject of educa-

tion. It is true we do not live in Germany, nor are we advocating the plan of following the example of Germany in all things. Yet, if we wish to use titles, we should see to it, as Germans do, that they mean something."

With the concluding principle here announced no sensible man will disagree, but there would be great and almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying it out through the length and breadth of the States. One great obstacle is the excessive weakness, to which I have already referred, which the Americans exhibit for titles of all kinds. Some people must have jewelry. If they cannot procure it genuine, they are contented with it false. They would prefer diamonds; but, sooner than go undressed, they will wear paste. There will long, if not always, continue to be plenty of sham "Professors" on the other side the Atlantic. But true musicians there need not lose heart. The remedy is not far to seek. Good wine needs no bush; and art-education has recently made such strides in America, especially as regards music, that the merits of those who are properly qualified to teach the divine art will not fail to obtain recognition, even without the aid of a title which charlatans have done all they can to discredit.

#### Gloucester Musical Festival.

We call from the Correspondence of the London *Times* some passages of its report of the 154th meeting of the "Three Choirs."

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 4.

The performance of *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd, Dr. Wesley's successor, was for the most part excellent. That the absence of so glorious a singer of sacred music as Mdme. Tietjens should have been lamented, more especially the cause of her absence borne in mind, was natural. Nevertheless, what could be done in the circumstances was done according to the best means at hand. That which had been set down in the first part for the eminent *prima donna*, was undertaken by Mdme. Sophie Löwe and Miss Adela Vernon. The first had been already proved at the Monday Popular Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere; the second, who has studied under a no less competent mistress than Mdme. Sainton Dolby, is comparatively a beginner. She, however, promises well, and sang the music allotted to her with real intelligence and feeling. Happily, the services of Mdme. Albani had been already secured for the second part of the oratorio, and her rendering of the trying air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its inspiring sequel, "Be not afraid," if anything could have consoled us for the absence of Mdme. Tietjens, was just the thing to do it. Mdme. Albani threw her whole soul into this impressive exhortation; nor was she less successful in the unaccompanied trio, associated with Mdme. Sophie Löwe, and our unequalled contralto, Mdme. Patey, or in the "Sanctus," "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," the simple grandeur of which has never been surpassed. When it is added that the whole of the music of the Prophet was undertaken by Mr. Santley, that the chief part of the contralto music was consigned to Mdme. Patey, and that the tenor music was shared between Mr. Cummings and Mr. Edward Lloyd, enough has been said to show that the solo music was intrusted to thoroughly efficient hands. The choruses, into detailed particulars of which it is wholly unnecessary to enter, were given, as they are almost always given at these Three Choir Festivals, sometimes admirably, sometimes without that precision in the absence of which much of the intended effect is missed. The voices, however, are excellent, and with careful training might achieve great things.

The first evening concert at the Shire hall brought an immense audience. The programme comprised portions of the *Paradise and the Peri* of Schumann, with a miscellaneous selection, including Mendelssohn's violin concert, superbly executed by M. Sainton, and applauded with enthusiasm.

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 5.

The new conductor, Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, had imposed upon himself for to-day a task to accomplish which even indifferently well is by no means an easy matter. The first part of the programme was devoted, not to J. S. Bach's *Passion* according to Matthew, as was announced, but to a lengthy selection from that immortal composition. There could have been no harm in stating this frankly, inasmuch as every amateur is aware that the entire

oratorio, as Sir Michael Costa some time ago presented it at one of the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, would occupy the day, to the exclusion of Beethoven's *Engedi*, the unwarrantably distorted version of Beethoven's *Christus am Oelberge* (*Mount of Olives*) to which we have occasionally been accustomed at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. However, what was given in the Cathedral was ample enough. To name all the pieces—choruses, "chorales," recitatives, etc.—that were necessarily omitted would be wasting space to no purpose. It may be stated without further preamble that the execution of Bach's often abstruse and invariably difficult music was creditable to Mr. C. H. Lloyd, and all, without exception, who worked under him—solo singers, chorus, and orchestra alike. Mr. Lloyd, though young in his newly undertaken office, and therefore more or less inexperienced, seems to possess the right stuff for a conductor, combining those essential attributes of firmness, quietude, and self-control, in the absence of which any hope of reaching eminence as a ruler in this particular sphere of art-demonstration must be altogether illusory. The grand and elaborate double chorus, "Come, ye daughters, weep with me" (Zion's exhortation and the responses of the faithful), which, with its ingeniously interwoven choral prayer, "O Thou, begotten Son of God," opens the oratorio so magnificently, was for the most part rendered with a clearness and precision worthy unqualified praise. Here conductor, orchestra, and chorus were tested so severely that the satisfactory result may, with fairness, be recorded as a triumph. Without entering into minute details, it may be added that other choruses afforded no less convincing proofs that the singers had been most carefully and intelligently trained. Among special instances may be named the furious outburst of the multitude, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?"—sequel to the plaintive duet for soprano and contralto, "My Savior, Jesus, now is taken," of which the abrupt exclamation of the chorus, "Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!" is so striking and characteristic a feature. The "chorales" chosen from the many comprised in the oratorio were: "O blessed Jesus!" "My sin it was which bound Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbound!" "O Father, let Thy will be done!" "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee?" (to the same tune, with slight modifications, as "My sin it was," etc.); and "O Thou whose head was wounded"—all well given and, as in such circumstances they could hardly fail to be, deeply impressive. The tunes of the greater number of these "chorales" were originally meant to be sung by the congregation, to whom they must naturally have been familiar; and the emotions engendered by them in the spirit of devout believers thus called upon to take part in the act of worship may be easily imagined. It is a fact of too much significance to be disregarded that the oratorios illustrating the passion of the Savior, of which only two (the disputed *St. Luke* being unpublished)—viz., *St. John* and *St. Matthew*—are now generally known, were, like other similar works of Bach, intended expressly for performance, not in a secular, but in a sacred building, where the lessons they teach might be more emphatically impressed upon the mind. That the congregation of to-day—for congregation, at least during the performance of the *Passion* music, it may strictly be termed—were earnestly attentive and apparently absorbed almost from beginning to end both in the text and in its sublime musical interpretation, it is satisfactory to note; but the word "almost" suggests some drawback to what would be otherwise an unqualified verdict of approval. The opening bars of the final chorus, "In tears of grief we here recline," one of the most touching and exquisite pieces that ever came, "like strong inspiration," to Bach, or to any other composer, were the signal for a general exodus—to lunch! Can we feel surprised that such unseemly occurrences give weapons of significance to those who conscientiously object to the festival performances being held in a cathedral?

The leading vocalists were fully prepared, and sang the trying solos as if they had been Germans and to the manner born. The soprano was Mdme. Sophie Löwe, the contralto Madame Patey, the tenor Mr. Edward Lloyd, the bass Mr. Santley. A more efficient vocal quartet it would be hard to find. Then, too, in the subordinate parts, Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto of decided promise, and Mr. Maybrick, the baritone bass, who, with excellent discrimination, looks up to Mr. Santley as his model, did real service. Thus the execution of so much as was vouchsafed to us of Bach's sacred masterpiece was more or less com-

plete in each particular department. Into minute particulars it is needless to enter, but it may without hesitation be added in conclusion that this performance will be pointed to with marked distinction in future records of the Three Choir Festivals.

The principal singers in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, after the interval of an hour, followed the *Passion of St. Matthew*, were Mdme. Albani (who seems to be as much at home in Beethoven's as in Handel and Mendelssohn's music), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Maybrick. The performance was generally effective; but this early effort in the sacred style of the Giant of the Orchestra, despite its many and unquestionable beauties, appeared somewhat dramatic, occasionally even operatic, after that which had preceded it. At night the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and the second part of Haydn's *Creation* were given in the Cathedral.

#### THIRD DAY, SEPT. 6.

The programme, one of unusual variety and interest, opened with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*—if "overture" that may be termed which is purely elegiac. The merits of this beautiful composition, which, originally written for the Norwich Festival, has on more than one occasion been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, are widely known and appreciated. It is a genuine poem in music, and its essentially religious character, enhanced by the happy use of the organ in the oration, being strictly in keeping with the theme to which it is dedicated—the remembrance of a beloved parent—justly entitled it to the place it occupied in the selection of this morning. Every pains was taken by the conductor and his fine orchestra to ensure an efficient performance, and the result would have satisfied the author himself.

Next to *In Memoriam* came a "Kyrie Eleison" for solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments—part of a mass by Mr. B. Luard-Selby, a musician of considerable promise. The entire movement is tuneful, smoothly written for voices and instruments, and everywhere marked by appropriate devotional feeling. The quartet of leading singers—Miss (not Mrs.) Adela Vernon, Miss Griffiths, Mdme. Patey, and Mr. Cummings—were all that could be wished; and the "Kyrie" left a generally favorable impression. It was followed by a colossus, in the shape of Johannes Brahms's "German Requiem," which immediately absorbed attention, and kept it undisturbed until the very last chord. This magnificent piece was composed to a German text, instead of to the familiar Latin, there being, as Professor Macfarren reminds us in his exhaustive and interesting analysis, certain tenets in the Roman Mass for the Dead at "variance with the principles of the Reformed Church." "Hence," he adds, "the 'German Requiem' is not a *Missa pro defunctis*, but an exhortation to the living," like our English Burial Service. We at present only know it through an English version. As Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Overture," which began yesterday's performance, was composed as a tribute to the memory of his father, so is the "German Requiem" a tribute to the memory of a no less beloved mother. It would be hard indeed to conceive one more earnestly felt or more eloquently expressed; and Herr Brahms has not only reason to be proud of his *Requiem* because it is a truly noble example of art workmanship, but because of its admirable fitness for the object that suggested it. To its general merits testimony has already been given, and a word about the performance is all that will be looked for. The singers in the "German Requiem" had almost as difficult a task—here and there quite as difficult—as some of the most trying passages in the *Passion of St. Matthew*; and the fact that they came out from the ordeal with equal success is no little to their credit. The chorus and orchestra are taxed to the utmost by Brahms's independent writing, which not unfrequently recalls the still more uncompromising Beethoven in his grand *Missa Solemnis*—to say nothing of J. S. Bach, who, judging by his music for the Church (motets included), was even less prone to study the convenience of voices. Nevertheless, several numbers in which shortcomings might have been looked for, and even readily excused, were among those rendered with the greatest fluency and precision. As a striking instance may be named the extraordinarily wrought-out fugue, set to the text, "But the righteous souls are in the hand of God, nor pain nor grief shall come them nigh"—a bold and original feature of which is the tonic pedal bass kept on incessantly from the opening bar to the end; and, again, the powerfully

solemn illustration of the words, "When the last awful trumpet soundeth," the climax to which, "Grave, where is thy triumph! Death, oh! where is thy sting?", can never fail to be impressive, if the singers enter into the spirit of the music, as they certainly did on the present occasion. The solo passages were intrusted to Mdlle. Sophie Löwe and Mr. Santley, who, it need scarcely be added, made them as effective as they could well be made. A few defects allowed for, indeed the admirers of Brahms must, unless terribly exacting, have been more than gratified by this performance of what may be regarded not simply as his most ambitious, but as his most entirely successful achievement.

The *Requiem* of Brahms was succeeded, and worthily succeeded, by one of the most familiar, scholarly, and melodious anthems of the late Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the production of which on this occasion was another appropriate tribute to the great organist and composer whom Gloucester held in such high and deserved esteem. Every amateur of pure and solid English Church music knows, or ought to know, the anthems of Samuel Wesley. A better choice could not possibly have been made, and it is agreeable to add that for the greater part a better or more carefully-balanced performance could not have been desired. More or less fatigued as the chorus singers naturally were by their spirited and arduous endeavors to do what was expected from them in the *Requiem* of Brahms, they nevertheless brought to the anthem of their gifted countryman an energy and vigor that seemed indomitable. The opening quartet and chorus must have persuaded every attentive listener how zealously all were intent upon the work before them, and how much, in honor of the regretted musician, it was to them a labor of love. From beginning to end there was scarcely a weak or faltering passage to be noted. That after so imposing and elaborate an effort as that of Brahms, the simpler but in no way less earnest work of the English organist should have come out so brightly, is an incontestable sign of its genuine quality. The solos were assigned to Miss Adela Vernon, Madame Patey, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, Mr. Done, of Worcester Cathedral, (who on this occasion undertakes the duties which were to have been devolved upon the late Mr. Townshend Smith), being at the organ. About the glorious *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which brought this long but never uninteresting programme to a conclusion, it must suffice to state that the orchestral movements were played with remarkable spirit, and that the choral parts offered but few occasions for criticism. The solos were allotted to Mdlle. Sophie Löwe, Miss Vernon, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The duet, with chorus, "I waited for the Lord," and the air, "The sorrows of death," with its impressive sequel, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?", by Mr. Lloyd, were among the most noticeable points. To the sublime *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," the entire congregation rose.

[Conclusion next time.]

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A VIENNA paper, *Die Donau*, says that after the performance of *Die Göttterdammerung* at Bayreuth, the Emperor Wilhelm despatched General Count Lehendorf to summon the composer to the Imperial presence. After some trouble, the General found the object of his search in a little room behind the stage, stretched full length on a couch, while his wife, Mdlme. Cosima, was kneeling before him, fanning his face. The Abbate Franz Liszt was pacing up and down, with the air of a man meditating on the Music of the Future. The General informed Wagner that the Emperor desired to see him. Looking towards Cosima, Wagner said: "Ought I to go, my dear?" "I think it will be enough for you to send word begging to be excused," replied the lady. "When the Emperor of Germany expresses a desire," observed the General, "that desire is, I think, an order as far as you are concerned. His Majesty commands your attendance, do you hear?" At this point, the Abbate interposed and impressed on Wagner the necessity of obeying the Emperor. Finally, Wagner made up his mind to follow the General. *Die Donau*, from which, as already intimated, this account is taken, is responsible for its correctness.

M. THIERS was not merely a most refined lover of art, and, in former days, one of the most regular frequenters of the Grand Opera, but, also, when the occasion required it, an intelligent *Mecenas*. A few days after Boieldieu's death in 1834, the *Journal des Débats* told its readers in the following terms how M. Thiers had assisted the musician, when the latter returned, ill and without means, from Italy, whither he had gone in the hope of recovering his health:

"Speaking of the state of Boieldieu's affairs, a paper said yesterday that, last year, the celebrated composer

applied for a place as sub-librarian, but that both his own efforts and the exertions of his friends in his behalf were of no avail. This statement is not correct. On his return from Italy, Boieldieu, who had previously received from the Minister of the Interior" (M. Thiers) "proofs of the interest the latter took in him, requested an audience for the purpose of returning his thanks. At this interview, the Minister enquired into his visitor's position, which he spontaneously offered to improve. He personally used his influence with the Minister of Public Instruction to procure for Boieldieu, not a sub-librarian's place, but the position of curator, at the Royal Library. The rules of the institution, however, were opposed to such a nomination. M. Thiers then appointed the composer of *La Dame Blanche* to the professorship of composition, an office which had been long suppressed. Boieldieu had been professor of composition at the Conservatory from 1821 to 1827, with Le Sueur and Berton, and his place was not filled up when he retired. Necessity, as we have seen, compelled him to resume the work of teaching, though for a very short period; illness, and then death, scarcely allowed him again to fulfil the duties of his office."

Worse than that. There is so little regular and permanent employment for orchestral players, that too many of our best musicians, our most artistic violinists, 'cellists and the like, rather than drudge in theatres and balls and street bands to eke out a living, form themselves into little travelling groups and Quintette clubs, spending the musical season anywhere but here at home, and therefore unavailable for the true orchestra we want. And so it will be until, by some means, some fund, or sure annual subscription, or some form of frequent, never failing popular demand for orchestral music all the year round, a permanent orchestral organization shall be realized, the members of which shall find in it their *constant and exclusive occupation*. For that is the first condition of a real orchestra. What is it to play together a few Symphonies and Overtures, a few times in the course of a winter, if the far larger portion of each musician's time must all along be spent in tasks demoralizing to the tone, the unity, the habits that should pervade a sensitive, intelligent, obedient, effective orchestra? What makes good orchestra players is continual practice in the same companionship, under the same leader. They must be so accustomed to one another and to their conductor, must so grow into mutual understanding and sympathy, that there shall be a vital conscious solidarity between them, until each shall feel himself to be himself completely only in union with all the rest. This is the whole secret of the excellence, the charm of the so popular Thomas Orchestra. Since that has shown our people what a good orchestra is, and what it is to play accurately, finely, brilliantly and powerfully, we have grown exacting in our expectations of an orchestra. We require that perfect execution which is only possible with the conditions above named. But we can only have it at chance opportunities, few and uncertain, under favor of a travelling virtuoso orchestra, whereby we are farther than ever from realizing the great desideratum of a permanent local orchestra of our own, on which we can depend at all times. We hail the brilliant visitors, as we used to hail each brilliant solo virtuoso, and we crowd their concert room, even in spite of often tasteless and incongruous programmes, so enchanted are we with such splendor of sonority, such nicely of outline and brilliancy of color. Meanwhile our own orchestral enterprises languish; we are doing little to build up our own; we forget that Boston, to have any true claim to the reputation of a really musical city, ought to build up and support its own orchestra, as good as any that can come here, and which it may apply in its own way to higher ends, perhaps, than any travelling orchestra can serve;—an Orchestra of our own, with programmes controlled by the best taste we have among us.

We are inclined, therefore, when we appeal in behalf of Music to its wealthy friends, to place this first among the various musical interests to be promoted. If there is any large munificent endowment soon to come for any kind of musical establishment, in a purely educational and public sense, let it be first of all for the foundation and the permanent support of an orchestra, worthy of a community like this, which has enjoyed so high a musical repute.

But when we ask who will endow such institutions, we would be understood by no means to assume that it can only be done by wealthy individuals. It would be much better would the musical community at large become the benefactor and supporter. If our public would encourage and sustain, with less capricious favor, and more persevering patronage, the efforts made by some of the more enthusiastic, earnest and intelligent, to gradually build up an orchestra, by making the most of such means as we have, and organizing as many opportunities as possible for the musicians to perform and

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1877.

### Who will endow Music in the University?

#### III.

We have said enough to show that no University can be complete, or fully realize the University idea, without its School of Music forming an integral part of it just as much as its school of Medicine, or Law, or Physical Science. The fact that no University in the world ever has been thus complete, only proves that the importance of this branch of social culture has but recently begun to be appreciated as it should be. We have seen, too, that there are never wanting liberal and wealthy friends of education and of learning who take pride in *endowing* professorships, museums, libraries, in every recognized department of literature and science,—nowhere more than at our old neighbor University, which is as much a part of Boston as it is of Cambridge,—and hence the question which we have made the heading to these brief articles. We have said that such a school should be complete, covering the whole ground of a thorough musical education, even if it be only for the comparatively few students who may have the talent and the aspiration to become musicians in the higher sense.

That such a school, in all its branches and departments, with its full corps of teachers, and full means of illustration, could be organized at once, whole and consistent from the start, we have not claimed. Rather should certain essential elements of the whole harmonious edifice be built up one by one, singly, in anticipation, as most immediately needed and most practicable. And we concluded our last article with the suggestion (not for the first time in these columns) that one of the most important elements would be

#### A PERMANENT LOCAL ORCHESTRA.

It does not matter whether this be a University Orchestra as such, or simply an independent local Orchestra, always near at hand, alike for the purposes of music in the University, or for the musical public of Boston and the neighborhood. If such an orchestra existed, our ideal University school of course would need its aid. Music generally, throughout the whole circle of which Boston is the centre, needs it. Yet, strange to say, the "Hub" so far possesses nothing of the kind. For our Symphony Concerts, for the indispensable accompaniment of all our Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas, etc.,—not to speak of the more popular and miscellaneous instrumental concerts,—we have to rely upon chance combinations of the best available resident musicians,—only available for the time being, for the present task in hand, but losing all cohesion, ceasing to be an orchestra, and separating to their several individual occupations, when that task is done.

for the people to enjoy concerts of the best compositions, why then the musicians would take heart, would devote themselves more and more to these nobler tasks of their profession; and soon it would be possible to give, not six or ten, but twenty, thirty Symphony Concerts in a season; and thus the orchestra would grow to unity, its members would become assimilated, its union would acquire permanence, and the whole problem would in due time be solved.

Precisely for this end were the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association established. They originated, thirteen years ago, in the desire to unite the real lovers of the great classical orchestral music into the constant nucleus of the right kind of audience, giving the tone to others who might gather round them, and thereby providing stated opportunities for the hearing of the masterworks, and for the more frequent exercise of the best powers of competent musicians in the interpretation of such music. For some years the experiment succeeded almost to a charm; the concerts were so well supported that year after year a considerable surplus remained after paying all expenses of the season; and this was mainly set apart by the Association as a Concert fund,—a resource to fall back upon whenever the public patronage should flag, and so help to guarantee the annual return of the concerts until better times. And this prosperity continued, unaffected by the distracting advent of brilliant competitors, by the proverbial love of change in this our Athens, by the "hard times," and other causes, it would have held out a tolerably fair prospect of gaining strength enough, ere many years, for the foundation of a permanent orchestra in Boston.

#### Signs of Promise.

At last our musical "Fall Opening," as the milliners and dry and fancy goods men have it, spreads out its invitations for a month or two ahead; doubtless, with much that is solid and inspiring, we shall have some musical millinery, and other goods both of the dry and fancy kind.

The opening was really made, right worthily, on Wednesday evening, in a noble performance of "Elijah," at the Tabernacle, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with Pappenheim, etc. But of this hereafter.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 8, at 3 o'clock, at the Music Hall, with about the same orchestra as last year, CARL ZERRAHN conducting. The glorious old Fifth Symphony will then be given, but the remainder of the programme remains undetermined. There will be ten concerts, on alternate Thursdays, with an interval of four weeks between the 5th and 6th in January.

Theodore Thomas will give four evening concerts and two matinées, beginning Nov. 14.

The series of concerts in the Sanders' Theatre, Harvard University, will begin on November 13. Thomas's orchestra will appear. Engagements have also been made with the Philharmonic club, Madame Schiller, Mr. B. J. Lang and others. On at least one occasion a choir of mixed voices will assist under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood. At the initial concert Professor Paine's symphony-fantasia, "The Tempest," the themes of which are suggested by Shakespeare's comedy, will be performed. A new symphony, entitled "Spring" by the same composer, will probably be brought out at the last concert in April. The programmes will include symphonies and overtures by Beethoven, Schumann and Mozart, Schubert's octet, Beethoven's septet and other classical works.

In Chamber Music we have,—first, the announcement of the re-organized Mendelssohn Quintette Club, for this very evening, at Union Hall, with their new leading violinist, Mr. Jacobsohn, and their new second violinist, Gustav Dannreuther, Mr. Hennig, 'cello, Mr. Ryan, clarinet and viola, and A. Heindl, 'cello and double bass. Also Miss Ella C. Lewis,

vocal Soprano. The programme offers the E-flat Quartet of Mendelssohn; "Slumber Song" by Franz; Sonata, violin and piano, in F, Beethoven; Serenade for string orchestra, by Fuchs (first time); Song: "Sands of Dee;" and the Beethoven Quartet in C, op. 59.

This evening we have also a Soirée, given by the Boston Conservatory, at Mechanics Hall, at which a choice programme will be performed by Mr. S. Liebling, the brilliant young pianist, and Mr. Carl Plueger, the tenor singer, both engaged as teachers in the Conservatory.—Of Mr. Liebling, who gave an informal recital before a few invited guests a week or two ago, Mr. W. F. Apthorpe writes in the *Courier*:

Mr. Liebling, though hardly out of his teens, is a pianist of no ordinary attainments. His playing is in many respects exceedingly fine, and gives proof not only of great culture, but of intrinsic musical endowments of a rare order. He plays with the self-concentration that can only come from genuine enthusiasm, and with an evident respect for the composer. Although his technique is of the most brilliant, he does not give the impression of making a parade of difficulties, and seems to be utterly free from any taint of charlatanism or affectation. It is not often that one hears such honest, straightforward, conscientious renderings of fine music as he gave yesterday.

The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Sonata Appassionata.

Chopin: Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2.

" Polonoise, Op. 22.

" Walz, Op. 64, No. 1.

Liszt: Rhapsodie, No. 4.

Grieg: Sonata, Op. 7.

—The Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Listemann, Hartdegen, Belz, etc.), do not publicly announce, but privately promise two or three Chamber concerts during the coming month.

Miss AMY FAY will give three piano recitals at Union Hall on the afternoons of Oct. 17 and 31, and Nov. 21. Miss Fay's programmes we have already printed.

Mr. ERNST PERABO will give two chamber concerts, assisted by the Philharmonic club, on November 2 and 9. There will be presented two charming Hungarian sketches for piano, by Xavier Schermenka; a great duo by Schubert, for piano and violin, new to Boston; and Rubinstein's fourth trio. The matinées will be prefaced by some preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord."

Of Mr. Freyer's German Opera (Pappenheim, C. R. Adams, etc.,) which is to open on the 22nd inst., at the Boston Theatre, for two weeks, we have already spoken. On Sunday evening they will join forces with the Handel and Haydn Society in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

#### Two or three Notes and Queries.

In Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's latest work, we have this anecdote of the great musical composer Haydn, who liked to dine alone and eat much. It was his custom to order dinner for five at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. "Serve dinner" he said, on one occasion to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself. "The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but, Sir, the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted contemptuously; "Pooh! de gompany! I am de gompany!"

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de gompany," and not an edible scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.

—From an old *Harper's Monthly*.

Few points afford greater satisfaction to an omnivorous reader, than the very marked improvement, which recent versions of old anecdotes exhibit. Take this as a case in point:

A century ago it was told of that robust, corpulent lover of good dinners, Handel, and not of the little, thin, abstemious Haydn, who never knew enough of English to speak as represented. It was told, as having occurred once at Richmond, and not as a "custom," and that the dinner was ordered for two, instead of five. Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's improvements of the anecdote are worthy of all praise, as every reader must feel.

Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini:

"Strange! all this difference should be

"Twixt Tweedle-Dum, and Tweedle-Dee!"

Who wrote these two lines? They have been attributed to Swift, Pope and John Byrom. In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," they are the last two of six lines under Byrom's name, who certainly claimed them. Chrysander (in Life of Handel) quotes three passages from his Diary in which he speaks of "my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini"—one of them (5th June, 1725) "Mr.

Hooper . . . told us of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini being in the papers."

Now, what I cannot understand is this: Vol. IV. of Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies* has this title:

"Miscellanies. The Fourth Volume, consisting of Verses by Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay." (First published 1728).

At the head of the table of contents stands this:

"N.B.—Whatever are not marked with a star are Dr. Swift's."

On page 146 (4th Edition) is the Epigram, as above, with a star. It is therefore not Swift's. If it was Byrom's in 1725, how did these two lines get into the *Miscellanies* in 1728? And if the six lines had been printed in the papers in the first of these years, how could Swift and Pope have printed the last two in their book in 1728? I imagine Byrom stole the last two lines, but wrote the first four:

"Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,  
That Myneher Handel's but a ninny;  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.

Strange all thi's," etc.

and that the real author of the two—Pope, Arbuthnot or Gay—took this means to secure his property.

The next piece in the *Miscellanies* is an Epigram:

\* On Mrs. T.—s.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song.

As had drawn both the beasts and O'pheus along;

But such is thy av'reice and such is thy pride,

That the beasts must have starved and the poet

have dy'd.

This, of course, was the celebrated Mrs. Tofts, who had, however, left the stage nearly twenty years before the publication of this volume of the *Miscellanies*. I have no accessible copy of Pope's works, to see if this epigram is given as his; but he only of the contributors to the *Miscellanies* would have had the want of heart to print such an attack on a woman so long retired from public life, just to show his wit.

Suppose we restore *harmony* by a return to the old Gregorian music, as all the Catholic churches in Baltimore are about doing.—[*Boston Post*].

Harmony, quota?—a treatise on the *harmony* of the "old Gregorian music" would be a curiosity! Whoever has one, will please advertise.

Of course no modern treatise *how* to harmonize the Gregorian chant is wanted.

A. W. T.

#### The Worcester Musical Festival.

The "Heart of the Commonwealth" beats musically, and the old city of Worcester, Mass., has long borne an enviable reputation for zeal and enterprise in the cause of noble music. Its annual autumnal Festival is a matter of not a little pride with its music-loving population; and its own resident artists and professors contribute largely and creditably, as composers and performers, to these inspiring four or five-day meetings. This last (the 20th) Festival (Sept. 24 to 28) seems to have been projected and carried through with more enthusiasm than ever, and to have been crowned with remarkable success; so much so that one may pardon to "just local pride" the glowing detailed reports furnished to the *Boston Transcript*, to the extent of six or eight mortal columns, by its Worcester correspondent. Their length forbids our copying more than the programmes of the several matinées and concerts, to which we prefix a very condensed account of the Festival as a whole from the *Sunday Times* of Sept. 30:

The twentieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association opened at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, on Monday morning last, and closed Friday evening. It was the most successful session this enterprising association has ever had. All the concerts, and there were eight public entertainments altogether, were very fully attended, and in a no less marked degree has there been in the successive performances real artistic excellence. The chorus, numbering about two hundred and fifty voices, appeared to fine advantage. Mr. Carl Zerrahn did wonders with the singers in the few days at his command, and the result was a quality of chorus singing of which our own Handel and Haydn Society might have been proud. The presence of Miss Eugenia Pappenheim greatly enhanced the interest which attached to the later concerts, and the same may be said of Mr. Myron W. Whitney, who

assisted in the oratorio performance and at one of the other concerts, and of Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, who also sang on two occasions. The Temple Quartette also gained fresh laurels in a field where they were already well known and appreciated. This fine organization is singing better than ever this year, and we are glad to hear that they have a long list of engagements for the coming season. Among the other vocalists who were very successful during the week were Miss Antonia Henne, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mrs. Mary Stone Macdonald, Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Jennie M. Patrick, Mr. C. Fritsch, the German tenor, Mr. A. E. Stoddard, baritone, and Mr. W. H. Stanley. Mr. John F. Winch, who took Dr. Guilmette's place at the Wednesday evening concert, the latter being unable to appear on account of illness, likewise shared in the success of the festival. The programmes were, as a general thing, constructed with much good taste, but much incongruous matter found its way into the performances through encores. The early concerts were devoted largely to local talent, the principal artists and the full chorus appearing chiefly at the concerts on Thursday and Friday. The Boston Philharmonic Club assisted in a very telling way on one or two occasions, and the Germania Orchestra, of Boston, likewise rendered very valuable service Friday afternoon and evening. On the latter occasion Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" was performed in admirable style, the solos being sustained by Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Henne, Mr. Maas and Mr. Whitney. The chorus did remarkably well under Mr. Zerrahn's baton, and showed in a most gratifying manner the results of his careful training. Mr. B. D. Allen has assisted as pianist, and Mr. G. W. Sumner as organist during the greater part of the festival. Among the important works performed other than the oratorios were a mass in D by C. C. Stearns, Schumann's "Gipsy Life," Marcello's Psalm, "O Lord, Our Governor," several choruses by Handel, Gounod, Barnby and Rossini, and by the orchestra, Gade's Symphony in B flat, the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas."

## Matins, Monday, Sept. 24.

1. Organ solo:
  - a. Canon in F-sharp major.....Merkel
  - b. Wedding March.....B. Whitney
2. Chorus. (For ladies' voices.) "Sleep, sleep, noble child.".....Cherubini
3. Song-waltz. "Bird on the wing.".....Auguste Miss Vinnie Maynard.
4. a. "Good Night.".....Girachner
- b. "The Artillerist's Oath.".....Adam Hutton Quartette.
5. Song. "Ave Maria.".....Luzzi
6. Piano duet. "Stories of Nocomis." (Op. 48, Nos. 1 and 4)......Wollenhaupt
7. Jewel song. "From 'Faust'.".....Gounod
8. Hymn-anthem. "Behold the Lamb of God." (Words by Rev. W. T. Sleeper.).....B. D. Allen
9. Miss Kinney, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Morse, Mr. Allen and chorus.

## Tuesday's Matinée.

1. Vintage Song, from Loreley (male voices.).....Mendelssohn
2. Song. "The King's Highway.".....Molloy
3. Trio. "The Chimes of Silvery Sabbath Bells." Abt Mrs. Elsie Snow, Miss Lizzie Wheeler, Mrs. G. Richardson.
4. Song. "My Queen.".....Blumenthal
5. Piano solo. Die Forelle.....Schubert-Heller
6. a. Harvest Carol. Singing the reapers home-ward come.....W. H. Gill
7. a. Anthem. Send out thy light.....Gounod
8. Choirs of All-Saints' Church. Under the direction of J. N. Metcalf.
9. Song. By Celia's Arbor.....Mendelssohn
10. Madrigal. Now is the Month of Maying...Morley

## Wednesday Afternoon.

1. Kyrie from the "Missa de Angelis," founded on the Gregorian Chant, which came into vogue during the latter part of the Sixth Century. (Rendered in modern notation by Mr. C. P. Morrison)
2. Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio, J. S. Bach, 1685-1750
3. Quartette. Larghetto—finale allegretto, W. A. Mozart, 1756-1792 (For pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello.)
4. Aria from—The Creation—On mighty pens. Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809
5. Sonata. Poco adagio quasi andante—allegro moderato.....L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827 (For pianoforte and horn.)
6. Offertory for Solo and Chorus. Alma Virgo, J. N. Hummel, 1778-1837
7. Aria from—Stabat Mater—Pro Pecatis, Gioacchino Rossini, 1792-1863
8. Krakowiak. Rondo for piano, with accompaniment of Quartet and Second Piano, Fr. Chopin, 1810-1849

## Wednesday Evening.

1. Psalm. O Lord our Governor.....Marcello Solo by Mrs. Carter.
2. Wedding March, from Midsummer Night's Dream.....Boston Philharmonic Club.
3. Song of the Grail, from Lohengrin.....Wagner Mr. Fritsch.
4. Concerto for violin, andante and finale, Mendelssohn
5. Song.—The Last Man.....Dr. Calcott Dr. Guilmette.
6. Fantasy for harp.—La Mandoline. Parish Alvars Mr. Freygang.
7. Cavatina. O luce di quest'anima.....Donizetti Mrs. Carter.
8. Romance. Mignon.....Thomas Mr. Fritsch.
9. Fantasie for violincello on Bohemian Airs, Vieuxtemps
10. Aria. In questa tomba.....Beethoven Miss Whiting.
11. Song. Morn, Noon Night.....Hopkins Dr. Guilmette.
12. Solo for flute. Columbus. American Rhapsody.....Terschak Mr. Weiner.
13. Song. Lo, here the gentle lark.....Bishop Mrs. Carter.
14. Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.....Liszt
15. Chorus. Haste thee, Nymph.....Handel Solo by Mr. Fritsch.

## Thursday's Matinée.

PART I.

- Mass, in D.....C. C. Stearns.

PART II.

1. Song. My Angel.....Esser
2. Song. Dreams.....Hodges
3. Serenade. O Summer Night.....Buck Temple Quartette.
4. Ballad. The Parting Hour.....G. B. Allen
5. Song. Tell me, my heart.....Bishop
6. Quartet and Chorus. It is high time.....Barnby
7. Quartet. Haste thee, Nymph.....Handel
8. Quartet. Ave Maria.....Adam
9. Quartet. Ave Maria.....Abt
10. Song. Thou art like unto a flower.....Rubinstein
11. Sextet, from Lucia.....Donizetti
12. Solo and Chorus. Inflammatus.....Rossini

## Thursday Evening, "Artists' Concert."

1. Chorus. O, how amiable.....Barnby Association Chorus.
2. Aria. La donna è mobile, from Rigoletto...Verdi
3. Cavatina. O Don fatale, from Don Carlos...Verdi
4. Quartet. Comrades in Arms.....Adam
5. Cavatina. Ah! mon fils, from Le Prophète, Meyerbeer
6. Recitative and Aria. Non so donde viene, Mozart
7. Song. O sanctissima vergine.....Gordigiani
8. Recitative and Aria, from Aida. Celeste Aida, Verdi
9. Quartet. Ave Maria.....Abt
10. Song. Thou art like unto a flower.....Rubinstein
11. Sextet, from Lucia.....Donizetti
12. Solo and Chorus. Inflammatus.....Rossini

## Friday, Sept. 28, "Symphony Concert."

1. Overture to Ruy Blas.....Mendelssohn
2. Gypsy Life.....Schumann
3. Recitative and Aria. "Sound an alarm"....Handel
4. Symphony, in B flat.....Gade
5. Quartet. Ave Maria.....Abt
6. Allegretto, from the Eighth Symphony, Beethoven
7. Aria. "Se oppresi ognor," from "La Juive," Halévy
8. Swedish Wedding March.....Soedermann
9. Cavatina. Il soave e bel contento.....Pacini
10. Sanctus, from St. Cecilia Mass.....Gounod

The Festival closed on Friday evening with Handel's Oratorio of "Joshua," performed by Mme. Eugenia Pappenheim, Mlle. Antonia Henne, Mr. Joseph Maas and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the great chorus and the Germania Orchestra, with G. W. Sumner as organist and Carl Zerrahn, conductor.

## Special Notices.

## DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson &amp; Co.

## Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Sir Roland. Gb. 4. d to F. Molloy. 40  
"He kneel by the bier a moment to pray.  
Then rode in the grey of the morning away."  
A striking romance of a knight and his lady-love.

Ay or No? Barcarolle. D. 3. d to D. Cowen. 40  
"Hope and I may homeward lie,  
Does not my love say, Ay, love, ay?"  
The movement suggests the name "barcarolle" but the song is good for land or water.

With Rapture I think of the happy days past.  
A. 3. d to E. Gurkener. 30  
"Old age, with its fitters, comes nearer and nearer,  
Eternity's portals grow clearer and clearer."  
A Russian song of excellent quality, but with English words only.

Meet me at the Gate, Love. Song and Cho. Eb. 2. E to E. Meyer. 30  
"As the moon shines brightly, love,  
Just coming o'er the hill."  
As will be seen, it is of E-flat compass, and is a pretty ballad.

Three Quartets. Mixed voices. W. J. D. Leavitt, each 40

No. 1. At Night. Db. 4. E to F.  
"2. Evening on the Lake. G. 4. d to g.  
3. June. D. 4. d to g.  
One is a merry barcarolle, and the others have beautifully woven harmony, like English madrigals.

The Felling of the Trees. C. 4. c to F. Anderson. 40  
"And still the woodman felled the trees,  
And still the busy world went on."  
Words and music of great power. Just the song for a powerful Contralto or Baritone voice.

Lyre Francaise. French Songs, Romances, etc. each 35  
No. 1. Petit Enfant. (Little Child). Bb.  
3. F to D. Quidant.  
"Que tes baisers doux comme caeux d'un ange."  
"How sweet are thy kisses."  
The "Lyre" plays sixteen airs to good words, and they have the neat, pearly, tripping ways of the French ballads, of which they are very favorable specimens.

## Instrumental.

J. S. Knight's Album. (of Dance Music.) each piece. 30

No. 4. Fearless Polka. G. 3.  
No. 5. Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3.  
No. 7. Pride of the Regiment March. G. 3.  
No. 8. Phantom Galop. G. 3.  
No. 9. Don't forget me Waltz. C. 3.

The above have all one character of graceful brilliancy, not often excelled.

Blossoms of Opera. by Joseph Anbre, ea. 25  
No. 20. Fra Diavolo Aria. F. 2.

No. 22. File du Regiment Aria. F. 2.

No. 23. Trovatore. Ah che. F. 2.

No. 24. Martha. Aria. C. 1.

Very simple arrangements for beginners.

Silver Ray Polka. G. 3. Havens. 30  
Of the set "Deux Polkas de Salon." An original and fine piece.

Rigoletto. 4 Hands. Fantasie de Concert. Billema. 1.50  
Ab. 4. Very brilliant duet.

O, Give to Me those Early Flowers. C. 2. Watson. 25  
Is No. 18 of "Little Fancies," a pretty set for beginners.

Romance without Words. 4 Hands. E. 3. Wollenhaupt. 30  
A rich melody with accompanying chords well supplied by 3 of the 4 hands.

Bacchanale des Gnomes. 2d Etude. Ed. 6. Sherwood. 75  
A wild race of sounds, keeping up an elfin-like tumult till the end. Should be an effective concert piece.

Little Girls' Polka. Bb. 3. St. Leon. 30  
A fine polka which little and large girls will like.

Nocturne. Ab. 4. Grass. 40  
A delicate and rather brilliant piece, with many trills and runs.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

